

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;  
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TERMS.  
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PAUL SEYMOUR,  
PUBLISHER.

An Address  
TO THE PRESBYTERIANS OF KENTUCKY FOR THE  
INSTRUCTION AND EMANCIPATION OF THEIR  
SLAVES.—By a Committee of the Synod of Ky.

DEAR BRETHREN: The will of our

Synd has made it our duty to lay before you "a plan for the moral and religious instruction, as well as for the future emancipation of the slaves" under your care. We feel the responsibility and difficulty of the duty to which the church has called us, yet the character of those whom we address strongly encourages us to hope that the labor will not be vain. You profess to be governed by the principles and precepts of a holy religion: you recognise the fact that a wise provision have been made for you, by the blood of the Son of God; and you believe that you have been imbued with a portion of the same spirit which was in "Him who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes, he became poor." When we point out to such persons their duty, and call upon them to fulfil it, our appeal cannot be altogether fruitless. But we have a still stronger ground for our encouragement, in our firm conviction that the cause which we advocate is the cause of God, and that His assistance will make it finally prevail. May He who hears the cry of the poor and needy, and who has commanded to let the "oppressed go free," give to each one of us wisdom to know our duty, and strength to fulfil it.

We earnestly entreat you, brethren, to receive our communication in the same spirit of kindness in which it is made; and per- mit neither prejudice nor interest to close your minds against the convictions of your hearts against the convictions of conscience. Very soon it will be a matter of no moment whether we have had large or small possessions on the earth; but it will be of infinite importance whether or not we have conscientiously sought out the will of God and done it.

We all admit that the system of slavery, which exists among us, is not right. Why then, do we assist in perpetuating it? Why do we make no serious efforts to terminate it? Is it not because our perception of its sinfulness is very feeble and indistinct, while our perception of the difficulties of instructing and emancipating our slaves is strong and clear? As long as we believe that slavery, as it exists among us, is a light evil in the sight of God, so long will we feel inclined to pronounce every plan that can be devised for its termination, inexpedient or impracticable. Before, then, we unfold our plan, we wish to examine the system; and try it by the principles which religion teaches. If it shall not be thus proved to be an abomination in the sight of a just and holy God, we shall not solicit your concurrence in any plan for its abolition. But if, when fairly examined, it shall be seen to be a thing which God abhors; we may surely expect that no trifling amount of trouble or loss will deter you from lending your efforts to its extermination.

Slavery is not the same all the world over, and to ascertain its character in any particular state or country, we must examine the constituents and effects of the kind of slavery which there exists. The system as it exists among us, and is constituted by our laws, consists of three distinct parts—deprivation of the right of property, a deprivation of personal liberty, and a deprivation of personal security. In all its parts it is, manifestly, a violation of the laws of God, as revealed by the light of nature, as well as the light of revelation.

1. A part of our system of slavery consists in depriving human beings of the right to acquire and hold property.—Does it need any proof to show that God has given to all human beings a right to the proceeds of their own labor? The heathen acknowledges it—every man feels it. The Bible is full of denunciations against those who withhold from others the fruits of their exertions. "Wo unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbors service without wages, and giveth him not for his work!" Does an act which is wrong, when done once and toward one individual, become right because it is practised daily and hourly, and towards thousands? Does the just and holy One frown the less upon injustice, because it is systematically practised, and is sanctioned by the laws of the land? If the chicanery of law should enable us to escape the payment of our debts, or if a human legislature should discharge us from our obligations to our creditors, could we, without deep guilt, withhold from our neighbors that which is their due? No; we all recognise the principle, that the laws of the God of nature can never be replaced by any legislation under heaven. These laws will endure, when the statutes of earth have crumbled with the parchments on which they are enrolled—and by these laws we know that we must be judged, in the day in which the destinies of our souls shall be determined.

24. The deprivation of personal liberty forms another part of our system of slavery.—Not only has the slave no right to his wife and children, he has no right even to himself. His very body, his muscles, his bones, his flesh, are all the property of another. The movements of his limbs are regulated by the will of a master. He may be sold, like a beast of the field—he may be transported, in chains, like a felon. Was the blood of our Revolution shed to establish a false principle, when it was poured out in defence of the assertion, that "all men are created equal?" that "they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" If it be a violation of the rights of nature to deprive men of their political freedom, the injustice is surely much more flagrant when we rob them of personal liberty. The condition of a subject is enviable compared with the condition of a slave. We are shocked at the despotism exercised over the Poles. But theirs is a political yoke, and is light compared with the heavy personal yoke that bears down the two millions of

our colored countrymen. Does European injustice lose its foul character, when practised with aggravations in America?

Still further, the deprivation of personal liberty is so complete that it destroys the rights of conscience. Our system, as established by law, arms the master with power to prevent his slave from worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The owner of human beings, among us may legally restrain them from assembling to hear the instructions of divine truth, or even from ever uniting their hearts and voices in social prayer and praise to Him who created them. God alone is Lord over the consciences. Yet our system, defrauding alike our Creator and our slaves, confers upon men this prerogative of Deity. Argument is unnecessary to show the wisdom of the system—they are clothed with the more shreds and tatters of learning.

3d. The deprivation of personal security is the remaining constituent of our system of slavery.—The time was, in our own, as well as in other countries, when the life of the slave was as little regarded as the hands of the master. It is not so now, among us. The life of a bondman cannot be taken with impunity. But the law extends its protection no further. Cruelty may be carried to any extent, provided life be spared. Mangling, imprisonment, starvation, every species of torture, may be inflicted upon him, and he has no redress. But, not content with thus laying the body of the slave defenceless at the foot of the master, our system proceeds still further, and strips him in a great measure of all protection against the inhumanity of any other white man who may choose to maltreat him. The laws prohibit the evidence of a slave against a white man from being received in a court of justice. So that wantonness and cruelty may be exercised by any man with impunity, upon these unfortunate people, provided none witness it but those of their own color. In describing such a condition, we may well adopt the language of sacred writ: "Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. And the Lord saw it, and it displeased him that there was no judgment."

Such is the essential character of our slavery. Without any crime on the part of its unfortunate subjects, they are deprived of life, and their posterity after them, of the right to property, of the right to liberty, and of the right to personal security. These odious features are not the excrescences upon the system—they are the system itself—they are its essential constituent parts.—And can any man believe that such a thing as this is not sinful—that it is not hated by God—and ought not to be abhorred and abolished by man?

But there are certain effects, springing naturally and necessarily out of such a system, which must also be considered in forming a proper estimate of its character.

1. Its most striking effect is, to deprave and degrade its subjects by removing from them the strongest natural checks to human corruption. As there are certain laws impressed upon the elements, by which God works to preserve the beauty and order of the material creation; so there are certain principles of human nature, by which he works to save the moral world from ruin. These principles operate on every man in his natural condition of freedom—restraining his vicious propensities, and regulating his deportment. The fires of innate depravity, which if permitted to burst forth, would destroy the individual and despotic society, are thus measurably repressed; and the decencies and enjoyments of life are preserved. The wisdom and goodness of God are thus seen in implanting in man, a sense of character, a desire for property, a love for distinction, a thirst for power, and a zeal for family advancement. All these feelings, working in the mind of individuals, (though not unmixed with evil,) combine to promote their own happiness, and the welfare of communities; and they are inferior in the good which they produce, only to those high religious principles which constitute the image of God, and the soul of man. The presence of these principles only, can compensate for their absence. Whenever, then, these natural feelings are crushed or eradicated in any human being, he is degraded into a creature of mere appetite and passion. His sensuality is the only cord by which you can draw him. His hopes and fears all concentrate upon the objects of his appetites. He sinks far down toward a level with the beast of the field; and can be moved only to action by such appeals as influence the lunatic, and the brute. This is the condition to which slavery reduces the mass of those who wear its brutalising yoke. Its effects upon their souls are far worse than its effects upon their bodies. Character, property, distinction, power, and family respectability, are all withdrawn from the reach of the slave. No object is presented to excite and cultivate those higher feelings, whose exercise would repress his passions and regulate his appetites. Thus slavery deranges and ruins the moral machinery of man—it cuts the sinews of the soul—it extracts from human nature the salt that purifies and preserves it, and leaves it a corrupting mass of appetite and passion.

2. It dooms thousands of human beings to hopeless ignorance. The acquisition of knowledge requires exertion; and the man who is to continue through life in bondage has no strong motive of interest to induce such exertion; for knowledge is not valuable to him, as to one who eats the fruits of his own labors. The acquisition of knowledge requires also facilities of books, teachers, and time, which can be only adequately furnished by masters; and those who desire to perpetuate slavery will never furnish these facilities. If slaves are educated, it must involve some outlay on the part of the master. And what reliance for such sacrifice can be placed on the generosity and virtue of one, who looks on them as his property, and who has been trained to consider every dollar expended on them as lost unless it contributes to increase their capacity for yielding him valuable services? He will have them taught to work, and will ordinarily feed and clothe them as so to enable them to perform their work to advantage. But more than this, it is inconsistent with our knowledge of human nature to expect that he will do for them. The present state of instruction among this race answers exactly to what we might thus naturally an-

ticipate. Throughout our whole land, so far as we can learn, there is but one school in which, during the week, slaves can be taught. The light of three or four Sabbath schools is seen, glimmering through the darkness that covers the black population of a whole State. Here and there a family is found, where humanity and religion impel the master, mistress, or children, to the laborious task of private instruction. Great honor is due to those engaged in this philanthropic and self-denying course; and their reward shall be received in the day when even a cup of cold water, given from Christian motives, shall secure a recompence.—But, after all, what the amount of instruction given to slaves? Those who enjoy the most of it, are fed with but the crumbs of knowledge which fall from their master's table—they are clothed with the more

wish to exaggerate the description of this deplorable religious condition of our colored population. We know that instances of true piety are frequently found among them; but these instances we all know to be awfully disproportionate to their numbers, and to the extent of those means of grace which exist around them. When the missionaries of the cross enter a heathen land, their hope of fully christianizing it rests upon the fact that they can array and bring to bear upon the minds of these children of ignorance and sin, all those varied means which God has appointed for the reformation of man. But while the system of slavery continues among us, these means can never be efficiently and fully employed for the conversion of the degraded sons of Africa. Yet "God hath made them of one blood" with ourselves; but provided for them the same redemption, hath in his providence cast their souls upon our care, and hath clearly intimated to us the doom of him, who "seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him." To be Continued.)

**Isopathy.**—A New Method of Curing Diseases.

The Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis has the following account of a new school of medicine:

If the art of healing has made little progress since Hippocrates, who lived twenty-three centuries since, it is not at all the fault of the doctors, who in all times have accomplished prodigies of imagination in opening new paths by which to reach the end of knowledge. Our epoch, more than any other, has been fruitful in original systems in the medical domain. Germany has sent us a new one which is called Isopathy.

It must be said in their praise, that the German doctors march at the head of science in the career of innovations.—Nothing stops them. The political troubles which agitate the country, the tumult of arms, and the popular clamors which surround about them, cannot for a moment disturb their profound meditations. They have already given us homeopathy, and this was doing something, but not content with this discovery, which has made so much noise in the world, they are disengaging themselves to-day by a new conquest.

Homeopathic medicine has been preached with the scantiness of its phrenacy. The witty, who respect nothing, have diverted themselves at the expense of a doctrine which materializes itself under an imperceptible form, and works its miracles with a grain of dust, an atom diluted in a gallon of water. This was a cause of distrust with many persons who judge only from appearances, and who are accustomed to estimate the value of effects from the magnitude of their causes. In this respect the new system will not be suspect, and it escapes the criticism which attended its precursor. Here the remedy is palpable, solid, remarkable by its boldness, and its somewhat brutal simplicity. Isopathy consists in applying to the diseased organ the same organ borrowed from an animal in full health. Example will render the definition more clear. If the disease is on the lungs, the lungs of a sheep are placed on the breast of the patient; if it is the liver or heart which suffer, they place on the diseased part a heart or liver of an ox; if the hearing is affected, Isopathy makes you a night-cap trimmed with the ears of a calf!

This may at first seem singular, and yet nothing is more real than this system! It has been much talked about—fame has seized upon it, the learned discuss it, the academies examine it, numerous experiments of it have been made in Germany, and as there is always found at Paris, in all professions, a crowd of ambitious men who hold themselves upon the watch for discoveries, with the hope of making, by the aid of new systems, a fortune which they have not been able to realize by the old methods, we number already several Paris doctors who have hastened to proclaim themselves Isopathists.

It remains to be known how great the success of this remedy will be with us.—The new method has room for great development, but until now the supporters of Isopathy have forgotten to tell us whether their system can also be applied to moral affections; if, for example, a man of a weak character, and one wanting in courage, would become brave by applying to himself a lion's heart between the skin and the flannel.

The remedy, it is true, would be very expensive, and would call for a great consumption of lions; for it is said that the Isopathy applications must be renewed every day.

The system is very well known and often employed in the intellectual world.—We see persons every day, whose understanding is not of the highest order, apply to their defective and blank intellect an active and brilliant mind, appropriate to them, but do not kindle the flame of intelligent devotion. It has been proposed by some zealous and devoted friends of the colored race, to supply the deficiency of gospel ministrations among them, by the employment of suitable missionaries, who may labor exclusively among them. We need not here speculate on the probable results of such a scheme if carried into effect, in a community where there is no intention to emancipate; for before there is found among us benevolence enough to adopt and execute it, on a scale large enough to effect any highly valuable purpose, the community will be already ripe for measures of emancipation. Such a spirit of kindness towards this unfortunate race as this scheme pre-supposes, can never co-exist with a determination to keep them in hopeless bondage. Further, there are no houses of worship exclusively devoted to the colored population. The galleries of our own churches, which are set apart to their use, would not hold the tenth part of their numbers—and even these few seats are, in general, thinly occupied. That is to say, the body, it is evident that our slaves do not enjoy the public ordinances of religion. Domestic means of grace are still more rare among them.—Here and there a family is found, whose servants are taught to bow with their masters around the fireside altar. But their peculiarly adverse circumstances, combined with the natural alienation of their hearts from God, render abortive the slight efforts of most masters to induce their attendance on the domestic services of religion. And if we visit the cottages of those slaves who live apart from their masters, where do we find them reading their Bibles and kneeling together before the throne of mercy? Families of a vigorous talent and an inexhaustible fertility. Is not this Isopathy or something very much like it?

Aberdeen College has received a donation from Hon. David Sears, consisting of real estate in the City of Boston, estimated by the donor to be of the value of \$12,000. This, with \$10,000, formerly bestowed, is to constitute the "Sear's Foundation of Literature and Benevolence."

**Easier Engagements.**

Mr. Goodall, a learned assistant at Eton, the morning he married Miss Prior, daughter to one of the assistants, attended (to the astonishment of his scholars,) his duty as master. A luckless boy, who played truant dead, as an excuse for his absence, that he really thought Mr. Goodall had had a prior engagement.

From the Louisville Journal.

**Congress of Fruit Growers.**

Having attended the first meeting of the North American Congress of Fruit Growers as a delegate from the Kentucky Horticultural Society, and having been the only delegate in attendance from our State, I have thought it not improper, through the columns of your Journal, to report to the friends of the cause what good has resulted from the meeting lately held in the city of New York, also what good may be expected to grow out of any future action of that body.

Knowing that the call was published but a few weeks before the day of meeting, I was greatly surprised to meet so large an assemblage of the lords of the soil, and cannot but say that I was still more surprised to find afterwards so unwieldy a committee of persons, trustees generally to the individual views of each other, by mere practical good sense proceeding with such singleness of purpose and such unanimity in chalking out a plan for the good work before them as the proceedings of this meeting will evince.

The convention was well officiated in placing Col. Wilder in the chair. I thought his style of discharging the duties of president, besides being business like, was in courtesy towards the members felicitous, easy and urbane. The whole proceedings of the session were conducted with a regard for harmony and decorum highly creditable to so numerous a body of men, mostly strangers to each other. Indeed, I witnessed but a single instance of cross-firing in discussion which amounted to "personalities," and that occurrence alone, should go very far to convince us that the utter confusion of names and qualities now attending the lists of cultivated fruits can never be remedied by nursery men and nursery men's catalogues alone.

Fully persuaded that, to secure and retain public confidence in their opinions, the convention should express none other than deliberate and well considered judgments, they determined at this their first session, to reject nothing, and to bestow praises on but few things, and those few of such commanding excellence as to deserve it by acclamation, flattering themselves that by industriously improving the interim between the present and a future meeting facts could be collected which would greatly diminish the danger of erring in an attempt at a more general decision on the merits and demerits of fruits. Thus cautious, their fruit committee brought forward a resolution recommending some forty varieties only of apples, pears, peaches, plums, and cherries in the aggregate as having undisputed claims to general cultivation; yet, strange to say, this short list met with warm opposition as being full of errors, and the list of peaches, after some sparing, was referred, with instructions that three out of some eight sorts recommended were synonymous of other sorts, or otherwise obnoxious to error. It was on reporting back the same list by the committee that the outbreak of feeling to which I allude displayed itself. The committee however triumphed, but whether or not at the expense of truth remains to be developed hereafter. The convention saw that all was uncertainty, but it seemed for once an uncertainty of rather an innocent kind. It was not that A grew a good peach, B an indifferent one, and C a bad one all under the same name. A purchaser from either would get fine fruit; but a purchaser tempted by the names and commendations of the three cultivators to make purchases of all would thereby be overstocked. The committee succeeded in convincing the meeting that this risk of over stock was not greater than the general cultivator would be justified in taking by way of insurance, that his collection contained three out of the remaining four which would be wanted.

We have also been examining, and with renewed pleasure, the recently published volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." Its literary merits have already been discussed in the *Intelligencer*, and all that we now have to say is, that it is superbly printed and illustrated in the highest style of art. The appropriate motto to this work is taken from Smithsonian's manuscript, and is as follows: "Every man is a valuable member of society who, by his observations, researches and experiments, procures knowledge for men." It is intended to form the first of a series of volumes, consisting of original memoirs on different branches of knowledge, published at the expense and under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution.

The object of the Institution is not to publish separate books, but a series of quarterly volumes, consisting of separate memoirs, similar to the ordinary transactions of learned Societies. It so happened that the first volume consists of a single memoir; the next volume, however, will embrace a number of papers on different subjects. Arrangements are already being made for transmitting copies of this publication to the more distinguished Societies of the world, among which may be mentioned the Royal Society of London, the Royal Academies of Science of Berlin, Munich, Stockholm, Paris, Naples, Florence, Copenhagen, and the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg. Copies will also be sent to the principal scientific and literary institutions of our own country.

The publication, it will be remembered, is intended for the increase of knowledge, and will consist entirely of original matter, new facts, new thoughts, and new principles.—Another series of volumes will be published of a more popular character, designed for general diffusion, and intended to post up, from time to time, the various discoveries made in every part of the world. The first of these volumes will probably be published during the coming year.—*Nat. Intelligencer*, 3d.

**A Pint of Ale and a Newspaper.**

How strangely the value of different things is estimated in some minds! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted, and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a juice of the leaves of the hop-plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated; and a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture, which costs also so little labor as hardly to be reckoned in our coining. A pint of this stuff, retail, for fourpence; and if of good flavor, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money; and so it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which costs one penny-farthing, and the duty thereon one penny, with no money for damage, crooked, or over-printed copies made ready for sale, and charged too with carriage from mills and stamp-office at a distance; and it is covered with half-a-million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same day; and this sells for no more than the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops! And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world; and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere; and it promotes trade, and finds employment, and markets for goods, and cautions against frauds and accidents; and subjects for conversation; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of moment more prized than things of moment? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

In reporting the action of the convention, I must say that the amount of good it will depend greatly upon the activity and zeal of the local cultivator in co-operating with this body in order to collect the proper facts and materials to bring about the desired reform.

The deliberations of the convention resulted in the conviction that reform must be the work of time and patience; that it is desirable to secure the continued co-operation

WHOLE NUMBER 75.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Sailor Missionaries.

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

In the South Pacific Ocean, lat. 13, is a bean-shaped cluster of Islands called the *Navigation Islands*.—They were discovered by Bougainville, 20 years ago, and were called by him in consequence that the inhabitants were ignorant of the use of canoes, and showed an admirable skill in their management. They are surrounded by coral reefs, and seem to have been of volcanic origin

# THE EXAMINER.

F. COBBY,  
JOHN H. MEYWOOD,  
NOBLE BUTLER, Editors.

LOUISVILLE: NOV. 18, 1848.

"We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe."

## To Subscribers.

Many of our subscribers have failed to send us their first year's subscription. We earnestly request those in arrears for the first and second year, to forward the amount due to us, without further delay.

JAMES S. RANKIN, of this city, is our traveling agent for Kentucky, and is authorized to procure subscribers and make collections for the Examiner.

## American Labor.

The following beautiful tribute to labor is from a speech delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, by Daniel Webster:

"I have spoken of labor as one of the great elements of our society, the great substantial interest on which we all stand. Not feudal service, not predial tenure, not the irksome drudgery by day and idleness by night, on account of color, to the control of another, can compare with labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, becoming a part of society and of our social system, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State. THAT IS AMERICAN LABOR, and I confess that all my sympathies are with it, and my voice will I am dumb, for it."

**Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky.**

We commend this address, a portion of which appears in this week's paper, to the especial consideration of our readers. It is a document of exceeding interest, power and value.

Rarely have we met with a finer instance of argumentation than is presented in this appeal. The style is clear, plain and forcible, and the thoughts are worthy of the highest order of mind.

It is not, however, for its literary merits, great as they are, that we ask the earnest attention of our readers to this address. It is a bold, manly appeal of christians to christians. Things are called by their right names. Evil is not put for good, nor darkness for light, but evil is called evil, and darkness is recognised as darkness.

The remainder of the address will occupy two more numbers of our paper, and we defer extended comments to that time.

## Gradual Emancipation in Kentucky.

The Georgetown (Ky.) Herald, says that a paper entitled the *Chronicle*, will soon be established in Louisville, by John C. Noble, with a view to promote the cause of gradual emancipation. The *Courier* of that place, has already taken ground in favor of Emancipation, and it is supposed that after the election the *Journal* and the *Democrat* there will take similar ground. Some other papers, the *Herald* learns, in Kentucky will come out for Emancipation, when the Presidential contest shall have been decided.

An old citizen of Kentucky writing to us a few days since, remarks:—

"If we fail to secure Emancipation, I, and a good many of my friends will pull up stakes and leave old Kentucky for her thralls."—The people would be compelled to decide of the Convention be against Emancipation in any form, Kentucky will lose multitudes of her best citizens, who no longer by their old homesteads, in the hope that a better day is dawning.—*National Era*.

In letters directed to us from different parts of the State, we frequently find sentiments similar to those expressed by the correspondent of the *National Era*. Many of the best citizens of the State are determined to leave it if it is decided that the dark cloud of slavery is forever to blacken over her. Others may see the roses that bloom in this wrong-men's paradise, as it is described by some; but they unfortunately see more thorns than roses. "How happy they, if they but knew their bliss."

## Thanksgiving.

Before the issue of another number of our paper, the day set apart for public Thanksgiving in this and several other States, will have passed.

We rejoice that the custom of consecrating one day in the year to the beautiful and appropriate services of gratitude is becoming more and more universal. Scarcely a State is there in the great sisterhood, which has not by adopting the custom, recognised its propriety.

One thing is yet wanting; that the same day be set apart in all portions of the Union, for the sacred service. Then how sublime will be the spectacle presented by this mighty people in voluntarily withdrawing from the scenes of worldly care and business, to the temples of the Most High, there to unite all hearts and all voices in a grand, harmonious anthem of praise.

Never does a man or a nation occupy a truer position than when presenting an offering of gratitude to Heaven. Gratitude! What purer, nobler, emotion can thrill the heart? It elevates while it humbles. The grateful spirit is always a lovely spirit. It feels and delights to acknowledge its dependence. The grateful spirit is always an unselfish spirit. Selfishness can find no place in a heart consecrated to gratitude. The temple is too sacred to be defiled by the presence of that false god. The man whose breast is warm with grateful emotions, cannot be unmindful of his brother man. While his heart ascends in songs of praise to God, it will go forth in blessings to man. The grateful spirit is always a benevolent spirit.

We rejoice, then, that our people are to unite in a public service of thanksgiving. We rejoice not only because of the fitness of the service to a nation blessed as we are, but because it will stimulate us to new and earnest exertions for the welfare of others. While recounting our own blessings, we shall desire to impart them to every people; and this is the position which we desire to have our country sustain among the nations of the world, the *benefactor of all*.

Many are the causes of thankfulness which present themselves to all reflecting minds. Our fields have been crowned with abundant harvests. All nature has brought her tribute of praise. Offered as incense in the fragrant blossoms of Spring, it has been renewed in the rich fruits placed by Autumn's hand on the altar of Heaven. Forest and fruit-tree, hill-side and valley, have united in singing nature's sweet hymn.

Peace has looked with smiling countenance upon our land, and waved her olive branch over every border.

We have reason for gratitude also in the progress and triumph of the spirit of freedom. Never, in our national existence, was the heart of our nation more alive with the love of liberty than at the present hour.

It is true that the bondage, in which three millions of our fellow-beings are held, seems to present a strange illustration of the love of liberty. But notwithstanding the evidence of this painful fact, we believe our assertion to be literally true. Never were so many hearts consecrated to the love and defence of liberty as at this very time. The flame, it may be, does not burn with such startling brilliancy as at some other periods of our national history, but it burns all the more steadily and intensely. Thousands and tens of thousands are there among the citizens of our beloved land, north and south, of the old, the middle aged, and the young, who have plighted their faith and the love of their hearts to freedom's sacred cause. Not in passion or excitement, not in anger or

## The Slavery of Slavery—Voices of Humanity—State Statem.

Some eight or ten years ago, as many of our readers recall, a long and able discussion arose in the Kentucky Legislature, or an attempt (since annually repeated) to repeal the "Negro Law" of 1833. The debate took a wide range, and was characterized by great ability and eloquence—the subject was thoroughly sifted, and slavery handled without gloves by many who stood and yet stand high among our Statesmen. On this occasion Hon. Thomas F. Marshall (heu quanto mutatis nunc ab illo!) published his pamphlet against the repeal of the law—one of the most eloquent productions in our language, of which the first name in America might be proud. And our distinguished and influential neighbors of the Journal mingled in the contest in a manner which those interested, we have no doubt, remember to this day. In the excitement of what Dr. Johnson would call the mental di-glamour, men spoke out their sentiments freely, with a point and boldness which might well make the northern Junkins hang their heads with shame.

As these debates were not generally republished, we presume very few of our readers have seen them—and having lately obtained a pretty full selection from them, made at the time by the able editor of the *National Era*, we think we shall be doing a seasonable service at this juncture, by reprinting them in the Examiner.

We begin, however, with a couple of editorials from the Lexington *Observer*, which contain the essence of the anti-emancipation feeling and avow sentiments alike abhorrent to common sense, morality and religion. It is worth a careful perusal:

"We must recollect that we are now in power, and constrain them for our own benefit, as applying to ourselves, and giving us the right to say, who are 'the heathen.' Once let the tables be turned, and those who may then have the power, will judge, will claim the right to judge, as you say, and you decide that they are the people of God, and that all other men are devils, and given 'to them and to their children for an inheritance.' Sir, it is not to be disguised that slavery, although sometimes, by *dissemination*, is a matter of civil policy, and one where *power, and power alone gives right*—it is a case emphatically for the application of the motto of Rob Roy the great highland chief:

"We do not know precisely how to speak upon this subject. If we were to give vent to the feelings which we have, should we set down as *an almanac*? We have the *whole* *slaveholding* *country* of the danger that impends before us, but in that case we would be *despoiled* of the subject. That there are men in our Commonwealth, earnestly at work to prepare the public mind for the great step of emancipation, no man of common sense or common sagacity can doubt. Yet the slaveholder rests in safety. We never heard a solitary argument against the repeal of the act of 1833, which did not go to prove that slavery was still a vast a moral and political evil, that it ought to be abolished."

"The act of '33 and the discussions incident to it in every session of the Legislature, have most powerfully produced an unquiet state of mind with our slave population. There is nothing more abhorrent, in our judgment, than the proslavery steps which some sickly semi-sentimentalists think it proper to take prior to emancipation. Hence it is that the slave must be taught to read, and all the means resorted to, for the purpose of ameliorating their condition, and elevating them in the scale of men. Now, it is infinitely better to set them free, at once, than to adopt this 'half-way' policy."

"The act of '33 has always looked upon as springing from that fatal philanthropy. It is the work of men who desired the gradual abolition of slaves, but were not willing to incur the hazard of going right to work about it—They, therefore, appeased their consciences by the act, whilst they avoided the responsibility of setting the slaves free. But common sense would seem to say, that if it be right to let no more slaves come into the State, it is equally right to get rid of those here. But no—gentlemen are not willing to take that step—they must wait until the public mind is prepared."

"The act of '33 is a political act. While the slaveholder reposes in calm security, unconscious of what is at work, the elements are silently engendering, which will ere long burst, with terrific fury, upon him and his property. It would be much better to encounter this spirit in open and manly war, than to be forced to meet it, from a disengaged battery. Let the people look to it, from a safe distance, for what to gratify the avarice of a few, and to advance their depreciating interest."

"We are told by the Senator from Fayette, we are approaching an understanding enough to know where to trade. He has been in person and surveyed all the South; his great aim is to bring into our State millions. What I ask is, in the name of God, must we buy in Charleston. They make cotton, we can't manufacture. We might bring our cargo loads of slaves. Ah! that's it—poor, degraded, dusky negroes, looking even worse than a Kentucky farmer's horses. That's what the gentleman wants to fill up the country with. I am opposed to this; some may call it abolitionism. Tell it to the yeomanry; they won't regard names; no, sir, they'll give it the name of Macpherson," for he would "sleep with his fathers." Sir, that was the voice of duty—the latest breath of expiring humanity is consumed in giving it utterance. How impregnable would the ramparts of a country be when a master had once been seen the blue smoke rising from the tempests of inclemency, but now all is given over to the possession of his huge bullocks and unsightly stock. Nay, in his londly rounds, his horse's hoof at times clatters upon the very heart-stone of what was once a peaceful frontier child, is now trodden under the feet of hideous mules. It would seem, we were almost approaching the spirit of the old Egyptians, who looked not for God except in the brute creation. The worship of Apis has again appeared upon earth, and a second time is a land found ready to fall prostrate before the presence of a *defied ox*. Old Aaron's golden calf should now preside over the altars of the land. Is such a policy correct?" Has the master in it the right to do what he pleases?

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We close our extracts with a most significant and pertinent one from Mr. Handing, of Green-

ville, who is a man of wealth, and fearfully true. Senator Underwood, we remember, uttered the same thoughts with equal boldness, during that shameful harlequinade, the trial of Mr. Adams.

"But, sir, the gentleman from Breckinridge, (*Mr. Calhoun*) has told us, 'that slavery is a blessing, that he would diffuse it, and that in doing so, no dangers whatever are to be apprehended from insurrections,' &c. Can this be so?"

Sir, how does the master maintain his dominion over the slave at this moment? Is there not in the breast of the slave an innate love of liberty? Is there not a fear of chain his master involuntary and extorted from him? And is it not the consciousness in the slave, of superior force, that makes him resist? From their distant exiles do not their feelings yet turn to this land? If the visions of danger that haunt the gentlemen are true, would it not be well to have such sons gathered around her in her peril? The love of country is it the strong bond of a nation's power?—it is the last feeling that gives up the garrison of the human heart. The patriarch of old, when drawing to his close a distant land of servitude, called his descendants around him, and adjured them, under the shadow of death, to take him back to his own promised land, and bury him in the 'cave of Macpherson,' for he would 'sleep with his fathers.' Sir, that was the voice of duty—the latest breath of expiring humanity is consumed in giving it utterance. How impregnable would the ramparts of a country be when a master had once been seen the blue smoke rising from the tempests of inclemency, but now all is given over to the possession of his huge bullocks and unsightly stock. Nay, in his londly rounds, his horse's hoof at times clatters upon the very heart-stone of what was once a peaceful frontier child, is now trodden under the feet of hideous mules. It would seem, we were almost approaching the spirit of the old Egyptians, who looked not for God except in the brute creation. The worship of Apis has again appeared upon earth, and a second time is a land found ready to fall prostrate before the presence of a *defied ox*. Old Aaron's golden calf should now preside over the altars of the land. Is such a policy correct?" Has the master in it the right to do what he pleases?

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we add to their wealth individually, we, at the same time, increase the wealth of the nation. We have already proved that free labor increases the poor man's prosperity, hence we are forced to conclude with Mr. Johnson, that the abolition of slavery is "for the benefit of wealth." And yet, he tells the laborer of Kentucky, with all these facts staring him in the face, that Emancipation will prove his ruin! Singular logic! that from such premises can deduce such conclusions!

But Mr. Johnson asks us to compare the wages of labor in Kentucky with those of Ohio Massachusetts, &c. If we will turn to the Examiner of the week before last, he will find that comparison already instituted. He will there see, from unimpeachable statistics that, as regards the wages of labor, the free States have decidedly the advantage over us. If, then, we take into consideration the many comforts and conveniences of life, and the expense of obtaining them, both in the free and slave States, we find the difference in favor of the former to be considerable.

The laborer is excluded from the slave State by the lowness of wages and the degrading attending his avocation. In this exclusion Mr. Johnson appears to find cause of great congratulation. He endeavors to flatter the laboring man that his prosperity depends upon the "barrier" which is erected against the emigrant in the person of the slave. Although a professed democrat, and, of course, the advocate of free emigration, and the friend of foreigners, yet, what he conceives to be a blessing to other States, he considers a curse to Kentucky. He thinks it is well enough for the free white man to settle up, and subdue the soil of the western prairie, but, as for our cherished State, she needs them not.

Are we, then, in possession of no more land

in Kentucky than is sufficient for our present population? Have we no waste fields, no unoccupied grounds? Must Kentucky, with her fertile soil and genial climate, rest contented

with her nineteen inhabitants to the square mile, while Massachusetts, barren and bleak, sustains her eighty-six upon the same area?—Would Mr. Johnson make Kentucky, situated as she is, in the centre of our vast Republic, would he make it the "hunting ground" for the white man, as it formerly was for the Indian? Does he prefer the gloom of "primeval forests" to the cheerful aspect of well cultivated fields; the beat and the deer to an industrious yeomanry; the crack of the rifle and the cry of hounds, to the chime of bells, the hum of labor, and the merry voices of intelligent children returning from a thousand schools? If so, then let him continue to advocate the doctrines which he has already promulgated. If not, let him hasten to abandon the position which he now occupies—a position so antagonistic to the best interests of society.

Mr. Johnson thinks that, "if each man had more land, he would be better off." Of course, a country with a sparse population, according to the view of the subject, is of all others, the most independent and happy. In other words, he advocates the dispersion of the people, for their mutual benefit, for their independence. Has Mr. Johnson ever examined the effects produced by this dispersion of population? Did he ever reflect upon the repeated efforts made to colonize Virginia, and that, owing to the scattering of the settlers and their consequent want of communication, the colony was completely destroyed? Has he ever taken into consideration the condition of some of the settlers of Australia, where men and cattle have perished, and seeds, implements, and other property been utterly lost, and all from the dispersion of population? Has he ever looked to the southern portion of this continent, and contemplated the rich fields, the boundless pampas of Buenos Ayres, with their scattered inhabitants? He will see there the inevitable results of owning such land. He will find a semi-barbarous race, the descendants of a highly civilized people, living in indifferent houses, sleeping upon the skins of cattle, and fast losing those distinguishing features which always indicate an enlightened and happy society. They are very independent no doubt, but are they models for Kentuckians?

The truth is, we can find no where in the history of any nation, or colony that ever existed, a single instance of permanent progress in civilization, and in all that conduces to the prosperity and growth of a people, or the happiness of individuals, that a system of unnecessary dispersion has been the continued practice of its inhabitants. The tendency of such a course is invariably to barbarism.

On the other hand, wherever men have united—wherever they have combined their skill and labor—wherever concentration has prevailed, their civilization has been made apparent—the arts and sciences have been cultivated, knowledge diffused, and the condition of man ameliorated. Trace the origin and progress of the free cities of Europe, and of each and every place noted throughout the world, and you find, without exception, that concentration of population and the consequent combination of labor are the great friends and promoters of civilization, while dispersion is its foe.

Man is by no means independent when living in an advanced state of society. We rely upon each other—we look to each other for mutual aid. It is nature's law that we assist, and be assisted. Our happiness is thus augmented and our social relations improved.—"The eye cannot see unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of thee."

The system of dispersion, then, is inimical to the prosperity of our people, and yet Mr. Johnson gives to it, his decided approval, inasmuch as he would drive the emigrant from our State, that we may be forced to possess, exclusively, our 25,920,000 acres of land. In order to prevent immigration, and to advance the interests of our mechanics, he would retain the slave. He tells the mechanic that his wages are higher by one half than they would be if the State were free, and that the way to maintain them at the present rate, is to keep the slave; for while the negro is with us the free laborer will not come, having that labor in Kentucky is degraded; but, continues he, "you who have been born here, and know the contrary, have, therefore, the whole field of the Arts before you."

It certainly appears very strange, that, in an age of wonderful intelligence—when information travels with the rapidity of lightning, and man in person follows not far behind, very strange does it appear, that the laborer should still remain ignorant of the harvest he might reap in Kentucky.

Mr. Johnson, you should not have published to the world that, labor here is so highly regarded, and the workingman so much honored, and so well remunerated for his services! The general diffusion of such information, we fear, will cause the "barrier" to be disregarded, and the free white man, instead of turning aside, as he now does, to dwell in the land of the north, will come into our midst, while our own mechanics will be swept away by the overflowing deluge."

But, did Mr. Johnson ever hear of mechanics and free laborers emigrating from this to other States? We assure him that such is very often the case. Now, will not they who thus are very apt to disclose to their neighbors and friends, with whom they associate in their new homes, the uncommon inducements here offered to the workingman? We really think they will. And will not those neighbors and friends, thus informed, immediately "take up" their bed and walk straight to Kentucky?

Perhaps they will. We shall know when they arrive.

In Mr. Johnson's address we were particularly impressed with the beautiful eulogium bestowed upon labor. In this respect, his remarks are appropriate and true, and we rejoice that he recognises the real nobility of work.

But what means he, when in the outburst of his patriotism he rejoices because we "have never stooped to menial occupations?" What, in his opinion, are menial occupations? Is the serving of another for hire a menial occupation? Is the performance of what the negro engages in a menial occupation? The negro guides the plough and hoes the corn—so, also, did Cincinnatus, and so, also, does the free laborer. Sozates cleaned the streets of Athens—the free laborer and the slave do very much the same thing in Louisville. Benjamin Franklin worked very hard in making tallow candles—free laborers and slaves do the same. Many of our most esteemed and distinguished citizens have been laborers for hire. They have been porters, ostlers, servants to other people. Yes, Mr. Johnson, they have stooped to menial occupations—stooled, did we say? No, they have not stooped to perform these labors—they have stood erect, in the image of God, and with honest hearts and willing hands worked out the sum and substance of their renown. By their exertions they have proved that "labor is the arch-elevator of man." They recognise no disgrace in service for hire, for otherwise, they esteem it a high privilege, that such means are provided by which the children of the poor man may rise to usefulness and distinction. This notion of disgrace attending useful and honest labor, is one of the worst of the foul offspring of slavery, and is unworthy the regard of intelligent and liberal minded men. It is time that we, as sensible citizens, gird ourselves to remove from our society the false impressions under the influence of which, it has so long been suffering.

Mr. Johnson evidently feels much disturbed, that we should be compared with Ohio. Patience, good friend, have patience. Patience is a jewel or no common value. We should never allow our local prejudices to interfere with that magnanimity of character which is the true index of greatness. We should not be insensible to the merits of others, because our own are great.

It is true that our people are a noble race, generous in their impulses, and enthusiastic in their devotion to their country's welfare. They have never shrank from the cannon's roar, nor turned pale at the war-whoop of the savage. Bright and glorious is the page in our country's history, on which are recorded the deeds of Kentucky's sons. Yet, let us not forget that Massachusetts, and Georgia, and Ohio, and all sister States, have offered up, freely and largely upon their country's altar, sacrifices worthy of all praise.

We regret exceedingly that Mr. Johnson, distinguished as he is, among our citizens, should have so far forgotten the courtesy of his State and so far as to indulge in unworthy sneers against Ohio. Why should the prosperity of others, excite our ire? With all the bitterness and irony he is master of, he exclaims:

"Save your dollars, Ohio—Dollars and cents good—perhaps they are worthy of you. We have set our hearts on something else."

Now, dollars and cents, considered by themselves are good for nothing. Their value is fixed by the amount of what they will procure of the方便s and conveniences, and comforts of life. In this manner let us see what dollars and cents are good for.

According to the census of 1840, the number of primary schools in Ohio, was 5,166

In Kentucky, - - - - - 952

The number of scholars attending these schools, was, in Ohio, - 218,509

In Kentucky, - - - - - 24,641

The number of scholars supported at public expense, was, in Ohio, - 57,512

In Kentucky, - - - - - 422

Total amount paid for the purposes of education by the State of Ohio in the year 1847, was - \$301,319.31

In Kentucky, at the same time, - 10,000.00

We here give some statistics of schools in Massachusetts, extricated from the October No. of "The Western Journal."

In the State of Massachusetts the number of children, of educable age, i.e.

from 4 to 16, was in 1846, - 203,877

No. attending Summer schools, - 153,457

Winter " 17,420

The population of the State was 37,700. The taxes levied and collected by different towns to be expended within their limits, was \$61,652.13

Income of local fund, - 15,516.95

Amount of voluntary contributions, 38,957.97

Surplus revenue, State funds 25,392.99

Total, - - - - - \$694,020.04

Amount expended by the State for every child of educable age, - - - - - \$3.38

Amt paid per head, on average attendance, - - - - - 5.83

The proportion of whites over the age of 20 years, who cannot read or write, is as 1 to 574

in Mass. 1 to 169

in N. H. 1 to 300

in Ohio, 1 to 42.8-10

in Ky. 1 to 14.7-10

In 1838, the whole number of Magazines, Newspapers, Reviews, &c., published in the U. S., was estimated at 1,555; of this number 125 were published in Massachusetts, 164 in Ohio, and 31 in Kentucky. The number of Newspapers, &c., now is about 2,000, and the proportion published in these three States is still more in favor of the first.

Massachusetts has invested in rail-

roads the sum of \$57,000,000.

In 1847, the receipts from her 900 miles of railroads, was - 5,200,000

Ohio investments in about 326 miles of railroads amount to - 82,821.263

In 928 miles of Canals amount to 15,045,508

The following estimated value of the crops of 1848, and the sums invested in manufactures and merchandises in the states of Massachusetts, Ohio and Kentucky, is from the New Orleans Commercial Times:

Crops, Manufactures, Merchandise

Massachusetts... \$16,000,000 50,000,000 10,000,000

Ohio..... 49,000,000 20,000,000 27,000,000

Kentucky.... 28,000,000 7,000,000 11,000,000

In the last mentioned State there are 49,018 persons, white and free, of the above age, unable to read their Bibles, or write their own names.

Dollars and cents would have afforded them the means of learning all this—and cents would have erected school houses and supplied teachers—dollars and cents would have made railroads, and bridges, and canals, by which the different parts of our State would have been brought into direct intercourse with each other.

Dollars and cents, then, are good, are they not, Mr. Johnson? Oh, yes, but then, "we have set our hearts upon something else."

We want Spartan men and women; with hearts and souls in their bodies, who despise cast; who love their God and country with all their strength and their neighbor as themselves."

What better evidence can be offered to prove that people "have hearts and souls in their bodies" than that which is presented to us in communities voluntarily taxing themselves to afford the means of educating their children that they may become intelligent and useful citizens? What better testimony can be adduced for the love of their country and their God than is shown in their anxiety to qualify their sons and daughters to read the revealed will of that God, and the history and laws of that country, which is their duty thus to love?

The American Law Journal, for November, contains an interesting decision of Judge Hay, president of the district court of Lancaster. The postmaster gave the advertising of the list of letters to the paper having the largest circulation in the city of Lancaster, and the editor claiming the largest general circulation brought suit against the postmaster. The court decided that, under the act of Congress of 3d March, 1845, the advertisement must be inserted in the paper "having the largest circulation generally," and that inserting it in a paper having the least circulation in the city or town where the post-office is located or where the paper is printed, is not a compliance with the law.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cunard Steamers.

The new steamer Canada is advertised to leave Liverpool for New York on the 25th November.

As the winter arrangement is withdrawn,

we perceive the old steamer Caledonia, Acadia, Britannia and Hibernia, are withdrawn.

The semi-monthly arrangement

commences with the departure of the Niagara on the 3d of November, after which day a vessel will sail from Liverpool every second Saturday, alternately, for New York and Boston alone, in forty years, commencing in 1800.

The charitable donations of the city of Boston alone, in forty years, commencing in 1800,

when its population amounted to only 25,000 and ending in 1840, amounted to the sum of \$4,751,294.63, besides a vast amount of private donations, of which we have no record. We have not the means of showing the amount given since 1840, which would greatly swell even this magnificent sum.

These donations have not been confined to our own citizens, but have been bestowed upon the needy and suffering wherever they were found. In Germany and New Brunswick—from Maine to Alabama; and through all the West, the munificence of her citizens has been felt, and gratefully acknowledged. Schools have been endowed, college built, rewards of merit conferred upon eminent and scientific men, the sick have had their wants administered to, religious institutions been assisted, and an amount of good accomplished that cannot by any means be computed. Truly dollars and cents are good, when they enable people thus to assist their neighbors in distress. What think you, Mr. Johnson, they have stooped to menial occupations—stooped, did we say? No, they have not stooped to perform these labors—they have stood erect, in the image of God, and with honest hearts and willing hands worked out the sum and substance of their renown. By their exertions they have proved that "labor is the arch-elevator of man."

They recognise no disgrace in service for hire, for otherwise, they esteem it a high privilege, that such means are provided by which the children of the poor may rise to usefulness and distinction. This notion of disgrace attending useful and honest labor, is one of the worst of the foul offspring of slavery, and is unworthy the regard of intelligent and liberal minded men.

It is time that we, as sensible citizens, gird ourselves to remove from our society the false impressions under the influence of which, it has so long been suffering.

Mr. Johnson evidently feels much disturbed, that we should be compared with Ohio. Patience, good friend, have patience. Patience is a jewel or no common value. We should never allow our local prejudices to interfere with that magnanimity of character which is the true index of greatness. We should not be insensible to the merits of others, because our own are great.

It is true that our people are a noble race, generous in their impulses, and enthusiastic in their devotion to their country's welfare. They have never shrank from the cannon's roar, nor turned pale at the war-whoop of the savage. Bright and glorious is the page in our country's history, on which are recorded the deeds of Kentucky's sons. Yet, let us not forget that Massachusetts, and Georgia, and Ohio, and all sister States, have offered up, freely and largely upon their country's altar, sacrifices worthy of all praise.

We regret exceedingly that Mr. Johnson, distinguished as he is, among our citizens, should have so far forgotten the courtesy of his State and so far as to indulge in unworthy sneers against Ohio. Why should the prosperity of others, excite our ire? With all the bitterness and irony he is master of, he exclaims:

"Save your dollars, Ohio—Dollars and cents good—perhaps they are worthy of you. We have set our hearts on something else."

Now, dollars and cents, considered by themselves are good for nothing. Their value is fixed by the amount of what they will procure of the方便s and conveniences, and comforts of life. In this manner let us see what dollars and cents are good for.

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## LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the Opal for 1819.

The Thought-Angel.

A WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAM.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

[WRITTEN TO ILLUSTRATE A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, BY ROTHERMEL, OF A RECORDING ANGEL ACCOMPANIED BY A THOUGHT.]

Night is the sick man's day,  
For the soul wakes not the body falls.  
I had told weary hours; but, with the hush  
Of midnight, my last memory of pain  
Had stilled before a thought of sudden bright-  
ness.

And like one rising upon spirit limbs,  
Rose I, and wandered with the thought away.  
Oh! the blest trysts that we call in the sense,  
The hours when we are all in the flesh!

And were over, with its spirit-checking toils,  
We to the fields stray—following where'er  
Fancy, the vagrant, calls us!

All unshod  
Went by the paths, that with such heavy heel  
Came last in the slow vigils of the strong;  
And the dawn broke. Called in by spirit  
straying,

I knew again that I was weak and ill,  
Beginning on another day of pain;  
But, with a blessing on my thought—(whose  
track,

Fair to' a wilderness entered before,  
It seemed that I might tell of with a pen  
Wings with illuminated words)—I slept.

And presently I dreamed. In conscious sleep,  
The curtain of my bed, I knew, the while,  
Tented me round; and on a couch beyond  
Saw a soul, which had been sleeping long;

And I remembered her—and when I lay  
And that the hour was morning—yet I saw  
As if my dim room were dissolved in air,  
The vision I shall paint you!

Lo! my Thought!  
The thought that I had followed first at wa-  
kings,

And, of whose sweet revelations unto me,  
I longed in glowing words to tell the world—

That thought I saw—glad in a breathing shape,  
Froze for an arrowy flight, and through the air  
Cleaving its way resistless. The cleft wind,  
Revealingly, to that symmetric thought

Presses its transparent dress; and beautiful,  
Oh, beautiful are the shapes divine:

What wondrous forms make possible to dream:  
Let his imagination form, and make possible to dream:

I handled with the pride it was mine,  
The glory of its beauty—of my soul.

The easy effulgence moulded with a breath,  
And given—a rich gift—idly to the world!

And carelessly I sped it on its way—

But—turned to look on it once more.

And lo!

A cloud now lay slack beneath its wings,  
Drawn by its motion onward—a small cloud

That, from the night-enveloped world below,  
Seemed lighted by the half-arisen moon.

I saw it, not as one upon the earth,  
But as they see from Heaven. And as, again,

I watched that Thought—(irreverently sped,  
Without a fear that it might turn to ill,

Without a prayer that might bless—flee-

Behold, all calmly with it, on the cloud,  
Rode a winged angel with an open book;

And—of the hearts it moved—and of the dreams,  
Passions and hopes it called on as it flew—

Of all it gave a voice to, that had else

Slimberd unuttered in the Thought-ruled  
world—

That angel kept a record.

"Thou, hereafter,"

Said a voice near me, "shall that record hear:

For, in thy using of that gift of power,

Speaking what thought thou wilt across the  
world,

Thou speakest with the pervading voice of God,

As, by thy sway of the world's heart, will be  
Thy reckoning with thy Maker. Human

Thought,

Oh, pray lightly may take wondrous wings.

They carried link blinks words to travel far.

But oh, take heed—for see by dream-revealing—

How thoughts of power with angels go attend-  
ed,

Outfacing never the calm pen that writes

Their history for Heaven."

The sun shone in

Upon my wind-stirred curtains, and I woke,  
And this had been a dream. "Tis sometimes so;

We dream ourselves what we have striven to be,

And hear what we had been well for us to hear,

Did our dreams shadow what we are.

Legends of the Revolution.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

It is not the most difficult task for the world to write the history of a battle. The tramp of legions, the crash of contending foemen, the waving of banners—arms glittering here, and the cold faces of the dead, glowing yonder, in the battle flash—these form a picture that strikes the heart at once, and makes its mark forever.

Who can write the history of a soul? Who can tell how the germ of heroism, the idea of greatness, first swells in the mind of the boy, and slowly ripens into full life?

We have seen Washington the President. We have known Washington the General. Shall we look into the soul of Washington the boy? Shall we behold the almost imperceptible gradations which marked the progress of that soul into manhood? Shall we witness the silent, gradual, ceaseless education of that soul?

How was Washington educated? Did he lounge away five years of his life within the walls of a college, occupied in removing the shrouds from the mummies of Classic Literature, busy in familiarizing his mind with the elaborate pollutions of Grecian mythology, or in analysing the hollow philosophies of the academy and portico?

No. His education was on a broader, vaster scale. At seventeen, he leaves the common school, where he had received the plain rudiments of an English education, and with a knapsack strapped to his shoulders, surveyors' instruments in his hand, he goes forth, a pilgrim among the mountains. Where there is blue sky, where the tumultuous river hews its way through colossal cliffs, where the great peaks of the Alleghenies rise like immense altars into the heavens—such were the scenes in which the soul of Washington was educated.

He went forth a wanderer into the wilderness. At night he stretched his limbs in the depths of the forest, or rose to look upon the stars, as they shone in upon the awful night of the wilderness, or sat down with the red men by their council fire, and learned from this strange race the traditions of the lost nations of America.

Three years of his life glide away while he sojourns among the scenes of nature's grandeur. Those three years form his character, and shape his soul. Glimpses of the future come upon him like those blushes of radiance in the day-break sky, which announce the rising of the sun.

Shall we learn the manner of his communion with nature and with God?

We know it is beneath the dignity of history to look even for an instant into the heart. We know that vague generalities, misty outlines, compact and well-proportioned falsehoods, sprinkled with a dash of what is called philosophy—too often constitute the object and the manner of history.

Shall we depart a little while from the respectable regularities of history, which too often resemble the regular tactics of Braddock, on his fatal field, and call tradition and legend to our aid? Tradition and legend, which, in their vivid but irregular details, remind us forcibly of the rude style of battle which young Washington so fruitfully commanded to the notice of the regular general, on the battle day of Monongahela?

Learn, then, the manner of young Washington's communion with nature and with God; but first learn and know by heart the scenes in which his boyhood passed away.

Over a tumultuous torrent, high in the upper air, there hangs a bridge of rock, fashioned by the hand of Nature, with the peaks of granite mountains for its horizon. Two hundred feet above the foaming waves you behold this arch, which, in its very ruggedness, looks graceful as floating scarf. Over the wave, looking through the arch, you catch a vision of colossal cliffs, with a glimpse of smiling sky. Advanced to the parapet of this bridge—clinging to the shrubs that grow there—look below! Your heart grows sick—your brain reels.

Stand in the shadow of the arch, and look above. How beautiful! While the torrent sparkles at your feet, yonder, in the very Heaven, the Arch of Rock fills your eye, and spans the abyss, with giant waves upon its brow.

To the Natural Bridge, Washington, the young pilgrim, came. He stood by the waves at sunset—he drank in the rugged sublimity of the scene. And when the morning came, with an unfaltering step, and hand that never shook, nor for an instant, with one pulse of fear, he climbed the awful height—he wrote his name upon the rock—he stood upon the summit, beneath the tall pine, and saw the march of day among the mountains.

Who shall picture his emotions in that hour? His unfaltering hand traced the name upon the rock, did he dream of the day when that name should be stamped upon the history of the country, and written in stone, but in the throbs of living hearts?

As he stood upon the arch, and saw the torrent sparkle dimly far below, while the kiss of light was glittering over the mountain tops, did no vision of the battle-field, no shadowy presentiment of glory, gleam awfully before his flashing eyes?

Again: another scene of Washington's education:

There is a river which sparkles beautifully among its leafy banks—glides on as smoothly as the dream of sinless slumber; but even as you gaze upon its glassy waves, it rushes from your sight. It glides over a bed of rocks, and then through a yawning abyss sinks with one sullen plunge into the bosom of the earth. On one side you behold its smooth waters; at your feet the abyss; and yonder an undulating meadow. Yet where should be the course of his life, you behold slopes of grass and flowers.

It is simply called the Lost River.

It fills you with inexplicable emotions to see this beautiful stream, now flashing in the sunlight; now, ere you can count one, lost in a dismal cavern, with flowers growing upon its grave.

Here, Washington, the young pilgrim, wandered oftentimes, and gazed with a full heart upon the mysterious river.

"Shall my life be like that river? Gliding smoothly on—shining in sunlight, only to plunge, without a moment's warning, into night and eternity?"

Did no thought like this cross the young pilgrim's soul? In that wondrous river he beheld a symbol of a brave life, suddenly plunged in darkness. Or, it may be, of a great heart, horled into obscurity, only to rise more beautiful and strong, after the night was over and the darkness gone. For after three miles of darkness the Lost River comes sparkling into light again, singing for very gladness, as it rushes from the cavern into the open air.

Amid scenes like this the youth of Washington was passed. He grew to manhood amid the glorious images of unpolluted nature. Now, pausing near the mountain top, he saw the valleys of Virginia fade far away, in one long smile of verdure and sunshine, with the Potowmack, like a silver thread, in the distance.

Now battling for life, amid hunger, snow, and savage foes, he makes his bed in the hollow of a rock, or sets his destiny afloat amid the waves and ice of a wintry river.

There is the picture in the life of Washington, the Boy, which has ever impressed the esteem of heart so noble and so true.

It is not so much that picture of young Washington seated at the feet of his widowed mother, gazing into her pale face, drinking the fathoms of affection of her mild eyes and for her sake renouncing the glittering prospect of an ocean life and laurels gathered from his grey waves.

This picture, in its simplicity, is very beautiful. But it is another picture which enchants me. Behold it:

By the side of a lonely stream, in the depth of a green woodland, sits a boy of fourteen—shut out from all the world, alone with his heart—he fingered upon an opened volume, while his large gray eyes gazed intently into the deep waters.

And that volume is the old Family Bible, marked with the name of its ancestor, John Washington; and from its large letters look forth the Prophets of Israel, and from its pages, printed in antique style, the face of Jesus smiles upon the soul of the dreaming boy.

Washington, the Boy, alone with the old Bible, which his ancestor, a wanderer and exile, brought from the English shore; alone with the Prophets and the warriors of long distant ages, shut from the world by the awful forms of revelation; now wandering with the Patriarchs, under the shade of palms, among the white flocks—now lingering by Samaria's well, while the Divine voice melts in accents of unutterable music upon the stillness of noonday.

Let us for a few moments survey the various epochs of the youth of Washington.

At the age of ten years he is left an orphan; from the hour of his father's death, he is educated by his widow mother.

At the age of fourteen a midshipman's warrant is offered to him—with a brilliant prospect of naval glory in the distance. He accepts the warrant—his destiny seems trembling in the balance—when his mother, who already saw a nobler theater open before her boy, induces him to surrender the idea of an ocean life.

He is seventeen when he takes up the instruments of the surveyor's craft, and crossing the Alleghenies, beholds for the first time, the customs of the Indian people.

Three years pass, and he is a pilot amid the forms of external nature.

He beheld him on the ocean, amid the terror of its storms, and very near the doom of its shipwrecks. His heart pillows the head of a dying brother; he accompanies Laurence Washington on a voyage to Barbadoes, and is absent on the ocean, and on the shores of the strange land, from the fall of 1751 until the spring of 1752.

When Laurence dies, his young brother, George Washington, a youth of twenty years, is appointed executor of his immense estates.

At the age of twenty-one, he is designated by the Governor of Virginia, as a Commissioner to treat with the hostile French and their Indian Allies, who threaten our

Western borders. In the pursuit of the object of this mission, he journeys 560 miles into the trackless wilderness.

He is twenty-two when he mingles in battle; his sword is unsheathed July 3d, 1754, at the fight of the Great Meadows.

And at the age of twenty-three, July 9th, 1755, he shares in the danger of Braddock's field, and saves the wreck of the defeated army.

The great epochs of the youth of Washington are written in the preceding paragraphs. A wonderful youth, indeed! From the common school-house into the untried wilderness; from the couch of a dying brother, into the terror of battle, Washington had already lived a life, before he was twenty-three years old.

Let us, my friends, write the unwritten history of Washington. Not the dim outline which history sketches, but a picture of the man—with color, shape, life, and voice. Yes, life, for as we go on, among the shrines of the past, the dead will live with us, and voice too, for as we question the ghosts of other days, they will answer us, although the shadows of a hundred years brood over their graves.

And so we hasten forth upon our journey let for a moment compare the youth of Washington with the boyhood of Arnold.

Washington, nourished by the counsels of a mother, surrounded by powerful friends, and with many a kind hand for his brow when it was stricken with fever, many a kind voice for his heart when it was heavy with sorrow.

Arnold, a friendless boy, left by an untemperate father to the world, guided, it is true, by a kind mother, but a mother who saw all the clouds of misfortune lowering upon her path, and felt the heaviest blows of misery upon her breast.

A contrast of terrible meaning!

Washington learns from his mother to bear all, to suffer all, and to hold on, through calm and storm, to the right.

Washington becomes the man of a world.

—Woman.

It is pleasing to contemplate the theme of female excellence. The heart of man warms with emotion as he hears of the noble deeds of woman—as he views her quiet goodness—as he marks her conjugal devotion, her firmness of principle, the thousand little tendernesses clinging around her heart, animating her to please by all the winning graces and attractions that can fix affection; nor relaxing after marriage in the cultivation of those powers which first commanded admiration because she has secured her victory. He loves and admires her when thus true to the amiable impulses of her nature.

But if captivating in the freshness and poetry of her early feelings, when the fragrance of her own spirit rolls over everything like dew, how much higher does she erect herself in his esteem, when the hour of trial comes, when adversity overtakes those she loves, and the appeal to her sympathies is the strongest that can be made, because it comes through the channel of her affections. Then see what a power of endurance she exhibits, what fortitude, what energy. Qualities which, amid the sunshine of prosperity, lay latent and unperceived, for want of occasion to call them forth, now appear to view with the hope-reviving influences which we may suppose she has had over him, and which are to rise more beautiful and strong, after the night was over and the darkness gone. For after three miles of darkness the Lost River comes sparkling into light again, singing for very gladness, as it rushes from the cavern into the open air.

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